

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD



Communion Sets



POCKET or Missionary Sels are of great convenience to clergymen. Those shown here are very compact. The various pieces fit one within another, taking up very little room. An appropriate Morocco Case is furnished with each set. These sets, together with the conventional kind, in many artistic patterns, made by the makers of "1847 ROGERS BROS." *Silver Plate that Wears* are illustrated and described in our "Special Communion Catalogue," 56, a copy of which will be sent upon request. These sets are sold by leading jewelers.

MERIDEN BRASSWARE CO.,
Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Somersbury)

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Patriotism That Counts.

THE stirring of the emotion of the nation to meet the cry of distress, whether it comes from San Francisco or from Messina, is something that no one, not even our ubiquitous hypercritics, objects to. It is, in its intensity and its universality, a new expression of patriotism. The bitter cry of a perfectly oblivious human need stings aside instantly all fussy criticisms and all curdling objections. No one thinks of raising the cry that all the money that can be spared is needed for the distress that is right around our own doors at home. Every one wants to do something to help where the distress is keenest and most immediate.

And all the millions that are poured out in response to these calls are truly blessed, accomplishing the end wherein they are sent, and developing in us a magnificent sense of patriotism that makes us feel that we must be first and foremost as it nation in responding to the cry of help. We are justly proud of our great resources and of our reputation for alertness and sympathy. And we like to see them in action.

And our inventiveness has devised a way whereby even the humblest of all our citizens may contribute their mite, and share personally and vitally in this great movement.

The American National Red Cross through its Massachusetts Division has prepared for sale at one cent each a beautiful stamp to be used on mail, express, and other packages of every sort. The money you pay for the stamp goes to swell the funds for the sufferers from the earthquake in Italy, and the use of the stamp on your letters and packages helps to advertise among your friends the need of more money for this cause.



action for three thousand years. Out of its suns rises the beautiful emblem of the International Red Cross Society. The stamps are printed in the Indian national colors, green, white, and red.

Although the immediate needs of food and shelter have been partly provided for through the money that has already been sent, there is still great need of help in building new homes and restoring normal conditions. The United Society of Christian Endeavor has these stamps on sale in its rooms and will also be at hand. Those who must order by mail can apply directly to The American National Red Cross, 4 Jay Street, Boston, Mass., whose name is in front of any set to any one for the handling of these stamps, you should send with your orders and remittance a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

Have you seen these stamps, as used though? It is a pleasure merely to handle them. Soul for a few, and make yourself a little centre of Christian patriotism that counts.

Our Want Department

Our rate for advertising in this department is four cents a word, payable in advance. A number or initial costs six words. Form is to be used in sending copy to the date of publication. We do not intend to admit any religious or university advertisement, and ask our readers to assist us in excluding from these columns anything that is not right.

If you have not given this department a trial, send in your order now and find out its worth.

Agents Wanted.

\$3 to \$25 a day made setting No. 41 (trade mark) pure condensed milk, dairies, bakers, confectioners, etc. Write for information for general agents terms and conditions. Terrell, C. H., Sunart & Co., 41 West 26th St., New York.

We want a reliable wide-awake person

to every city in the country to act as sales manager agent for The Christian Endeavor World. For particulars address "The Golden Book Company," 569 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Art.

China-Painters should have a copy of our catalog "What to Paint" and correspond with a postal agent inquiring The Christian Endeavor World. We can supply all materials for painting. The catalog contains many valuable hints. The Art Co., 41 West 26th St., New York.

Kernel Studio—Illustrations, "Kernals Studio" manager for The Christian Endeavor World. One year, \$1. "Palace and Poster," One year, \$1. "Fables," One year, \$1. "Water Colors and the Crafts," One year, \$1. "The House Book," complete in one volume, \$1. "The Fruit Book," \$1. vol. Price, \$1. "Grand Fox Ceramics" by C. H. Smith, \$1. "The Ceramic Studio Classroom Series," \$1. Ceramic Studio Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Barter and Exchange.

You can get the best value for your money if you let us represent you for the many valuable Easter, May, stock and birthday, anniversary, wedding, etc., gifts. Write to Standard Wilbur, Box 33, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Fair-Clan 42-Acre Farm for sale. Excellent location, fine soil, good water, fine timber, 300 acres, 1000 ft. above sea level, 100 ft. above valley, all in bearing. All soil, pure, plumb and grade. Good for fruit, pasture, particularly Church St., Billingsgate, N. J.

Benefvolent.

Boston Woman's Friend Society, Incorporated, 1875. Sunday schools, Endeavor societies, and individuals are helping the poor, the aged, the sick, the disabled, others, etc.

Business Opportunities. We Start You in a permanent business with us and furnish everything.

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WHY LINCOLN IS LOVED.

A Man of the People.—His Poverty and Honesty.—His Homely Appearance and Bearing.—His Superb Intellect.—A Man of Humility and Kindness.—The Sort of Partisan He Was.—Lincoln's Religion.—Personal Courage and Political Sagacity.—The Lesson of His Death.

By Amos R. Wells.

THOUGH the common agreement of all Americans still places the Father of our Country on the highest pedestal of peaceful and military eminence, undoubtedly Abraham Lincoln, the centenary of whose birthday we celebrate this week, has from the chief place in all true American hearts. He has become our popular American hero, our typical American, so that if we were asked to point to the proudest product of our institutions, the noblest growth of our soil, without hesitation we would speak his much-loved name.

Now there must be a reason for this. It is not in the nature of the American people, as it is in the nature of the French, passionately and sometimes unreasonably disposed to idolize any man. Why is it that we love and honor Abraham Lincoln? I find one dozen answers to this question.

L.

WE honor and love him, in the first place, because he was a man of the people,—of the common people. Such Washington was not. This grace Lincoln owes to his shiftless, roving, story-telling father, that uneasy pioneer of three States.

Lincoln was born into the family of a common day-laborer, a man who could neither read nor write, and yet a man, for all his improvidence and ignorance, whom everybody loved.

This grace, too, he earned his dear little Christian mother, whose early death so grieved him, "All that I am or hope to be," he afterwards said, "I owe to my angel mother,—blessings on her memory!"

Born, then, from the humblest of common folk, and never lifted too high for loving and respectful care for them, our typical American may rightly be honored because he was a man of the people.

II.

AMERICANS love Abraham Lincoln, in the second place, because he was poor. Say what you may of high office frequently and shamefully purchased by full purses and empty heads, it remains true that the idols of the popular heart have ever been poor men.

Lincoln's early life was what he himself called it when asked for facts in his campaign biography,—"the short and simple annals of the poor."

He knew what it meant to be hungry and cold in a miserable log cabin; to sleep on leaves on a puncheon floor, the skins at the entrance but a poor substitute for a door; to go ragged and barefoot.

For years that ingainly, homely figure, flax trousers tight at the ankles, out at both knees, trudged steadily over the Illinois prairie to its daily task, a walk of six or seven miles, perhaps, to ploughing or rail-splitting,—a common day-laborer like his father.

Four hundred miles to split for every yard of walnut-dyed beaver jeans which went to the make-up of a new pair of trousers!

He was always poor. Elected to the legislature of his State, the future president trudged the one hundred miles to the State capitol with his pack on his back, and returned in the same manner, no richer by his sojourn. Yet, as reected, he began the same journey on foot.

That famous rail-splitter's campaign, inaugurated by the dramatic presentation of the historic raid to the Decatur convention, set Mr. Lincoln before the country as a poor man, and Lincoln is said to have regretted the adoption of that symbol, since he regretted what it symbolized, his lack of advantages for the best development of his powers.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln always wished that he had had more of school and less of rail-splitting, and was so painfully conscious of his inferiority in this direction that he was even over-sensitive on the point. And it was many a long month after his election before the people at large learned that the rail-splitter President they had also a man of genuine culture and trust intellectual power.

Of course, I need not say that Abraham Lincoln was never ashamed of the poverty which he was ever destined. He was interested once in the midst of an important political speech by this question from the crowd: "Mr. Lincoln, is it true that you entered this State barefoot, driving a yoke of oxen?"

Lincoln paused a moment, overwhelmed by the shameless effrontry of such a question, then answered with a twinkle in his eye, "I think I can prove the fact by at least a dozen men in this crowd, any one of whom is more respectable than you sir!" and then passed on to an eloquent eulogy of the free institutions which had made possible for him that advance from the barefoot ox-driver to the position he then held in the councils of his State.

And truly this is why we love Abraham Lincoln for his poverty: because that poverty and his glorious emergence therefrom are but a hint to us of the glory of free institutions and free labor.

III.

WE love Abraham Lincoln, too, because he was honest,—absolutely trustworthy in all particulars.

We all know about that adventurous voyage on which he was trusted in his youth, to pilot his rude boat with its cargo eighteen hundred miles to New Orleans, and bring back the profits.

When he became clerk in that rule

pioneer store, run remember how he walked six miles one day to return an overcharge of six cents and a quarter. And long at another time, finding that he had weighed out a quarter of a pound of tea too little, he closed his store forthwith, and set out on a long walk to make it right.

He went into business for himself, at last, with a dissipated partner, who "winked out," in Abraham Lincoln's words, "and left him with the imminent debt on his hands." Do you imagine that a dollar of that debt was left unpaid?

He was unfortunate for some years, carrying the offal around in his hat, where any one might find his letter who could find him; and when the government offered to settle accounts and called for a certain sum, he paid his due after balancing his books. He pulled out the exact amount, carefully wrapped it in a separate piece of paper, and labelled with his partner's name.

Small matters, these, you say? Possibly; but the lack of the spirit they illustrate in our middle and business men has cost the country millions upon millions of dollars, and condemned many a home.

Abraham Lincoln was too honest to make much money at law. He treated his clients

friends, often forgoing their debts to him, and sometimes not only charging no fee, but giving them large sums to help them on.

He would never accept a case if he did not think his client in the right. He advised many a man that his cause was poor, and that he should keep out of it.

If in the middle of a suit he found his

client to be in the wrong, he dropped the case. If his partner continued it, he took no cut of the fee.

Once when his client deserved him and he learned that he was on the wrong side, he charged the jury to give a verdict against his client.

Once when a verdict was given which was not as favorable to the other side as he knew by his just, he interposed, in stating that his opponent had been abjured too little. The establishment of absolute justice seemed to be his one aim and passion.

No wonder that, with these principles, he hardly made as much money in his years of hard work as an unscrupulous lawyer would make in a twelve-month.

Rightly was he called "Honest Abe," and rightly do men love him for his honesty, and rightly would we pray for a double portion of this old-fashioned quality to distribute among some of our present politicians.

IV.

IN the fourth place, men love Abraham Lincoln because he was homely.

I do not mean to imply that good looks are an obstacle to political success, but I do believe that that long, awkward, angular form is judged more clearly and deeply on our minds because of its length and awkwardness and angularity. We should like him less if his hands and his feet had been smaller, and if he had better known when to do with them.

Those long arms, curved so portentously before his shoulders, were strong and shapely for their burdens. Those large hands were clean from the delinquency of political corruption. Every inch of his homely height of six and a quarter feet was drawn to him.

His dress was clumsy and careless and shabby, partly from poverty and partly from neglect, but how a tailor would have spoiled that squat yet dignified figure! Just because he was no man for the drawing-room, for refined carpets and an elegant setting, the great mass of men, who cannot abide in drawing-room elegance, were drawn to him.

Even his strong, athletic body, supine among the soldiers in the whole army of the Black Hawk campaign, tempered by the stern processes of poverty, shamed rather than disgraced him. What if we had had one such president at that dread crisis, with Gretchen profile and soft hands all nicely gloved?

As that most masterful soul of all funeral processions would pass over the head that month April, and the thousands and tens of thousands looked through blinding tears for the last time on the worn white face, its homely qualities were radiant, to them, with a beauty rarely seen on earth.

V.

AND again, we love and honor Abraham Lincoln because he was a man of brains.

If schools alone make education, he was never educated, for the disjointed fragments of his school-days would scarcely fit up a single year. If ever a great mind came direct from God's hand, un wrought upon by human help, that mind was Lincoln.

Learned blood gave an accounting in his veins, and every sinew-muscle condition of his youth, aged him downward. Yet he lived to be a schoolmaster, in three months, he learned to write a letter. And then he became the letter-writer for the neighbor boy, and learned the use of his own language in the best way—the thought-fit use of it for others.

And then, for vocabulary, he knew much

of the Bible by heart,—a magnificent outfit for an orator. On the few books,—the Lives of Washington, Franklin, and Clay,—which he providentially ran across, he laid his later rich knowledge of American history.

He walked sixteen miles after a grammar, mastered it eagerly, and returned it with the sly remark that if that was a science, he thought he could subdue another.

He went six and eight miles to reach his earthly paradise, the district debating-club. He bought newspapers before decent clothes, and became better informed politically than any other man of the country. Indeed, he became postmaster chiefly in order to get the reading of all the newspapers.

He studied by himself the surveyor's art, bought a compass, used at first a grapple for a chain, and laid out a town with a compass, unassisted, questioned.

He was induced to study law and began a load of books, and read so intently that folks believed him crazy as he lay all day under the tree absorbed in his work, going and coming as if deaf and dumb.

When flood ran out he surveyed to buy some more, and was back at his books again.

He studied geometry, to learn what was meant by a demonstration.

You see to what masters Abraham Lincoln went to school: to an invincible will, a homeless patience, an eager thirst for knowledge. Those three masters make a university, and from their tuition he emerged a truly educated man: educated, because he had won the mastery over himself, and could handle effectively all his powers.

If he had a somewhat limited vocabulary, every word was ready at his beck. If his sentences were not elegantly turned, they were always forcibly and clearly expressed. If science and art were not at his bidding to furnish illustrations, metaphors, and similes, he had at complete command the whole encyclopedia of common life.

The humble, self-taught boy came to be ranked very high, before his death, in the learned profession of the law. So lucid were all his statements before a jury, so magnificently fair and honest, so well pointed with solid anecdote, that Mr. Lincoln became known as a hard man to meet in a legal combat, and as the best lawyer in the state.

He began to make speeches with great hesitation, and on condition that his friends would not laugh at him. His success was brilliant almost from the start. One cannot read Mr. Lincoln's orations without a profound admiration for his fine intellect. I often wish that our campaign orators would read them oftener, and learn the secret of a speech that will truly make votes, and not merely tickle the partisan ear.

When Lincoln went East, and spoke with confidence before cultured Eastern audiences, the stump-orator from the backwoods won immediately a most respectful hearing, and was so admired that a professor of rhetoric followed him around on one occasion to learn the secret of his oratorical power. The professor discovered,—would that all politicians might know it!—that it consisted in perfectly clear, transparent statement, in close, unreeling argument, the whole enlivened by the spinning up of a few wonderfully apt illustrations, taken from most homely sources.

From Lincoln's many speeches could be drawn if we find them all, an eloquent history of his times, and a practical textbook for the patriot.

And they were all of this character. His first great effort at Springfield after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, his uncompromising address at Chicago in answer to Douglas, the seven debates with that renowned antagonist framed as "the battle of the giants," and his masterly oration delivered at Cooper Institute, New York,—all these triumphs and many more in Kansas, at Columbus, at Cincinnati, in Indiana, in Connecticut, were won by the same simple means, by having something to say, and saying it simply and manfully.

He never mastered the useful art of talking without saying anything, and so never appeared to poorer advantage than on that memorable passage through the great cities previous to his first inauguration, when it was necessary for him to keep silence as to the policy he intended to pursue in that terrible time, and deal in empty words.

Though he made no claim to literary abilities, his State documents, messages, and inaugural addresses are all remarkable, and compared with them many from the hands of our most cultured Presidents read like school-boy compositions. From his second inaugural address, and from that marvelous Gettysburg speech of five minutes, for which Edward Everett, the polished scholar, would gladly have exchanged his two-hour oration—from these the universal American heart has made quotations, taking sentences that will echo to the ends of the earth.

Abraham Lincoln has shown the world what a president and people a single earnest mind may win, who is the first of free institutions, though inferior by any of the prestige of academic culture or bound ancestry; and for this the American people honor him.

III.

WE love him, too, because he was a modest and humble man. So thoroughly is this quality a part of our thought of him that I need say little about it.

On his way to Washington in 1861 he spoke at Philadelphia, in Independence Hall; and afterwards, in the presence of an immense throng, pulled it to its place over the building a flag—the flag of the Union. To that ceremony Mr. Lincoln beautifully alluded afterwards, finding in it the symbol of his relation to his stupendous task: "I did not provide the flag, or the rope," he said, "or make any of the necessary arrangements. But the beautiful emblem floated free in the sunny air because others had done all this, and I only applied a part of my feeble strength to complete the ceremony. So in the great task of saving the Union of which that flag is the symbol my power is but a weak instrument in the hands of the mighty world."

And this was no rhetorical flourish, but the true heart-try of the humble, child-like man, who felt deeply his own utter insignificance before the nation's perils, and counted himself strong only in the people, and that people's God. For that sincere modesty we honor him.

IV.

WE love him, too, because he was a kindly man.

He was riding circuit once, in his lawyer's days, and passed a pig wallowing desperately in a swamp, and almost ready to succumb to its fate. Lincoln was wearing his best clothes; and last clothes were hard to replace, so he rode on.

But the thought of that distressed pig harassed him for two miles till his tender heart could stand it no longer. He rode back and extirpated the Lekless brute, though with sore damage to his raincoat. One's eyes fill suspiciously in reading how the worn-out man, toward the end of the weary war, solaced himself by playing with kittens. He was one of the gentlest, kindest spirits that ever came on this earth.

"Lincoln has nothing," said a man of him early in his public career, "nothing but plenty of friends." It was this host of friends that gave him his triumphs. They rallied to his side in every election wherein his name appeared, regardless of party lines.

And he, in turn, never deserted his friends. Nothing could offend him quicker than some slanderous tale reported to him concerning them. As President he was remarkable for the tenacity with which he held to the cabinet officers of his choice, through all the miserable intrigues that tried to part him from his political family,—a tenacity illustrated in another article in this number.

Mr. Lincoln loved children. One of the most beautiful incidents of his history is that visit of his to the Five Points Sunday school in New York and his talk

to the children there, who did not know who he was, but cried, "Go on! Go on!" whenever he stopped his talking.

The readiness of his tender heart to pardon deserters and other military offenders is well known. "There are widows enough in the United States," said he: "do not ask me to make more."

You have all heard the pathetic story of the young man so pardoned who fell on the field of Fredericksburg bravely fighting, the President's photograph over his heart, and on it written, "God bless President Lincoln!" Once, though, they implored him in vain to pardon a slave-dealer, imprisoned because unable to pay a fine.

He bore no malice toward enemies. "I guess we won't talk about that now," he would say, when some story of men's hostility to him was poured into his ears. Of one of the most bitter attacks ever made upon him he only said, "They've told that insanity is hereditary in that man's family, and I think we will admit the papa in his case."

His sympathy with soldiers in their terrible sufferings was so extreme that his body would actually waste away with the waste of his arms, and his heart to be pierced by all their wounds. It was his tenderness and loving pity which shattered his nerves at last, so that toward the end he lost much of his early cheer and buoyancy, and became strangely sad and irritable at times.

More than any other President we have ever had, or any other public man, Abraham Lincoln was the loving, compassionate, gentle father of his people, and for that kindness we love him.

V.

ONCE again, and what may appear strange at first, we honor Mr. Lincoln because he was a party man. I have often come to the conclusion that the great mass of the American people don't like McCulloughs.

At any rate, Mr. Lincoln was no free lance. He always voted and worked for the nominees of his party. He held Party organization a necessity, especially in a free country, and believed that in no way could a man's individual force be more effectively exerted than by active interest in and work for the party of his choice.

Mr. Lincoln was a practical man. He was an inventor, you know, and one of his models rests now in the patent-office. With practical common sense he took hold of the best tool for efficient political work, and all his life he was an enthusiastic partisan.

Indeed, he sometimes carried party spirit so far, as when, before the Taylor campaign, he was foolish enough to make a regular stump speech for the man of his choice in the national House of Representatives.

And Mr. Lincoln, too, was ever an ambitious man, even from the days of his boyish debating-club; and in nearly every instance he was seeking public office at the same time that it was seeking him. With supreme good sense on each side, he and the office met half-way. A single sentence of his, however, is recorded, spoken on one of his legal circuits in Illinois, which gives us the key-note of all his ambitions, a sentence that came from an honest heart: "Oh, how hard it is to die and not be able to leave the world any better for one's little life in it!"

Also it must be remembered that, party man though he was, he took the unpopular side, as Whittier advised every ambitious youth, to do when the cause of that side is worthy. He was a Whig when Illinois was intensely Democratic. In Congress, he was the only Whig sent by his native State. He and his country associate in the Illinois legislature were the only men of all his party who dared enter a protest against the pro-slavery action of the legislature. And when his party, mainly through his powerful leading, sprang to the front in his State, he magnanimously refused the nomination to the senate which was his due and which an immense majority wished to give him, because the minority wanted another man. And finally, so far was he from being tied to his party in 1856, seeing the need of

an organized force to fight the political foes of human freedom, he left the worn-out Whigs and joined in the formation of the Republican party.

Mr. Lincoln pretended no hypocritical distaste for official honors. Speaking of the success of his great rival, Stephen A. Douglas, he once said: "I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. So reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

So, though we must call Lincoln a party man, we must at the same time honor such partisanship, and pray for a host of such party men to lead our present campaigns.

Abraham Lincoln honored his party, and I am glad to remember that his party honored him. Four times the Whigs by large majorities sent him up to the State capital as their representative, and once, by an immense vote, to Congress. He received half as many votes as Mr. Dayton for the first Vice-presidential nomination of the Republican party. And we all know of the tremendous scenes in that stirring Chicago convention which chose for party standard-bearer, with a wisdom which must have seemed stupendous folly at the time, the plain, unlettered, almost unpolished, backwoods politician. How the partisans applauded, which rent the air in Chicago would have been enlarged and strengthened, could have risen from every loyal village, could men have known that this candidate plucked from obscurity was the nation's surest product, no absolutely honest, brave, and uncompromising patriot! Men were taught at last, by those four years of heroic endeavor which glorified the White House, how a politician could be a statesman, and a partisan a patriot.

And oh, could all men in the country for which he died learn the lesson thus so grandly taught, that party fealty—the only party fealty which is not criminal—must be based on love for country, and for the good of all men in all parties! It is in this way we love Abraham Lincoln because he was a partisan.

VI.

ONCE more, we love him because he was a Christian.

This title some would withhold from him, because he never joined a denomination of Christians, and was not in outward profession a church-member; yet Christianity may well be proud to count him among her noblest sons.

He was a pure man. No oath passed his lips.

After his nomination to the Presidency some thoughtful friends sent him a hamper of wine, that he might entertain the committee from Chicago, who would call on him, according to their habit. He sent the wine back.

Throughout his life he was untainted by any vice. The one blot on his character was made by the stories of which he became so famous, many of which could not be told in the presence of ladies, and therefore should not have been told in the presence of gentlemen; but all who knew him knew that it was solely the element of humor in these stories that attracted him. He could never resist fun, come in what guise it might.

It must be remembered, too, that the custom of his times, and, unfortunately, the custom of the courtroom, did not frown upon such things as severely as our more elegant society and a less tainted calling.

And with all his purity of heart, uprightness of conduct, honesty, and manliness, he won to his soul the elements of true religion, as distinct from morality. He was always exceedingly sensitive here, and reticent in the disclosure of his bolder moods; but many men and many occasions caught sight of these rare heights of his character.

He implied the assistance of divine Providence in his first letter of acceptance of the Presidential nomination.

As he stood on the platform of the car which was to bear him to Washington, he said to his friends and neighbors gathered there: "I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me

which is greater, perhaps, than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of divine Providence, which he had and always relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

On one occasion, in a private conversation, he drew out a pocket Testament, and with that in his hand said, his voice trembling, his cheeks wet with tears: "I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care, and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles right."

In his proclamations appointing religious services of thanksgiving after every important victory of the war, in his emancipation proclamations—the preliminary and final, in his inaugurations and his messages to Congress, in short, in all his state papers, there breathed a spirit of most sincere and exalted piety.

At the cabinet meeting preceding the promulgation of the preliminary proclamation of emancipation he said solemnly, "I have promised my God that I will do it."

"I have been driven many times to my knees," said he, "in an darkness, by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. I should be the most presumptuous bloodhound upon this footstool, if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others."

Before a committee of prominent gentlemen he gave utterance to this statement: "If it were not for my belief in an overruling Providence, it would be difficult for me, in the midst of such complications of affairs, to keep my reason on its seat. But I am confident that the Almighty has His plans, and will work them out; and, whether we see it or not, they will be the wisest and best for us. I have always taken counsel of Him and referred to Him my plans, and have never adopted a course of proceeding without being assured, as far as I could be, of His approbation."

In a circular letter to the army, urging the soldiers to the better observance of the Sabbath, he uses these words: "The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or the name of the Most High."

A man who, in addition to an unblemished life in the eyes of the world, has learned to trust in Providence, to honor the Bible, to respect the Sabbath, to pray, to worship God, and love Christ, was a true Christian, whether formally so or not. For his Christian character we honor Abraham Lincoln.

X.

WE love him, next, because he was a brave man. Whatever was to be done he did without fear.

When he had to ride fifty miles to the nearest grist-mill, which his own horse had to turn when it came his turn to graze. He was marching along behind the animal, urging it by kicks in its monotonous round, when it suddenly rebelled and kicked him senseless. As soon as he came to, Abraham quickly fished out the kick had interrupted.

When he was clerk in that pioneer store

he boldly came in one day and tried to provoke him to fight. When he saw that he might not be well taught if he decided that he might not help teach the fellow a lesson as anybody, took him out-of-doors, and held him down while he rubbed smarted off his skin and eyes until repentance came. Then he tenderly helped him wash the smarted eyes. The boy became a leader man, and his first friend.

Lincoln was one of the very first to enlist in the Black Hawk war, and was chosen captain of his company, over his former employer.

He was ready to fight a duel once, to shield a lady who had anonymously written and published some rash political verses; but the duel was prevented by friends.

He saved more than one speaker from the anger of enraged audiences, boldly fronting the mob with him.

He was one of the few lawyers of the country who dared to take unpopular negro cases.

His management and triumphant winning of the famous trial of his old friend, Armstrong, indicted for murder, is well known, being utilized by Eggleston in one of his most dramatic novels.

Amid countless threats of assassination he dodged constantly to walk the streets of Washington by night and unarmed; and after Richmond fell he was one of the first civilians to enter the city, almost unguarded.

But his personal bravery was hidden beneath the splendors of his spiritual daring. He was so quiet and unpretending that the nation was long in learning that book of his unassuming manner was a will as unyielding as Grant's, when once his mind was fixed; a courage that feared no danger; an absolute firmness in the right, as God gave him to see the right.

God alone knows how this hand would have fared through the wild surges of that most troubled sea, had a weaker pilot sat at the helm. For his bravery, then, we honor him.

XI.

WE love him, too, for his wisdom. He had the ruler's indispensable gift, tact in dealing with men, in moulding events.

You remember the dignified warnings, first only conciliatory, of his first inaugural. You remember how his watchful care preserved three of the border States for the Union. Nothing but his bold front toward foreign sympathizers with the South prevented their recognition of the Southern confederacy.

How wise he was in dealing with men! How sensible was his conduct toward the vain and headstrong Fremont! How well he managed the blunt old patriot Stanton! With what infinite patience he bore with McClellan's petulance and egotism and dallying! How noble was his acknowledgment to Grant that he was himself in the wrong!

Recall his firmness during the trying scenes of the draft, his dispassionate dignity in the affair of Mingo and Sheldell, his noble endurance of the petty stings and harrying of the peace party.

In the supreme matter of slavery, hating the curse from his heart, feeling bound to preserve it under the constitution until the very life of the nation required its removal, how months he waited, holding back his proclamation, assailed on all hands by impudent abolitionists, until military necessity justified him in the break of the constitution!

And after the emancipation proclamation how anxious was he by schemes of general compensation, of payment for slaves, of colonization outside our borders, to prevent all future disturbance from that source!

How bravely through all the war he held the real, vital issues, which no one else saw so clearly, and with what wisdom did he direct our fortunes to his clearly won!

Through all the confusions and whirling terrors of that time there was one centre of power and unmoved purpose—a plain, quiet man, in a plain room at Washington. His wisdom saved our country, which the kick had interrupted.

When he was clerk in that pioneer store

it all lastly, he love Abraham Lincoln because he died in our service. Before his immigration, lying on a lounge one day, his mirror showed him two images of his face, the upper one very pale. His nervous wife interpreted this as a sign of a fatal second term.

"Whatever way this war ends," said he once to Mrs. Stowe, "I have the impression that I shall not last long after it is over." This centaurine review in one instant's memory a sorrow we can never forget. Since the assassination, three centuries ago, of the great German encyclopedist, William the Silent, no man so noble and so honored had so sadly fallen.

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Some Lincoln Memorials in Washington.

The Simplicity of That Great Life.—Three Hundred Portraits.—The Family Bible and Other Precious Relics.—A Great Little Desk.

By Susan Hunter Walker.

We are all very apt to think that because we do not have things just as suitable and convenient and as attractive as we should like to have them we cannot do our very best work. A visit to the Lincoln Museum in Washington should cure us most effectively of this mistaken idea. Here are gathered together many hundreds of things that belonged to Abraham Lincoln or were connected with him from his birth, a hundred years ago to the twelfth of February, until his death. What struck me almost painfully is the extreme plainness of everything.

The Lincoln Museum occupies the house on Tenth Street in which the martyred President was carried from the theatre in which he was assassinated—that well-known in 1865. The house is a rather unattractive three-story brick building, very much like its commonplace neighbors on either side. The only difference is that the sun hangs out from the iron-casted porch tells you that it is the house in which Abraham Lincoln died.

When you step within the narrow hall-way, you will step short at once to glance over the three hundred portraits covering the walls of the passage and picturing the face you know so well, and which you love if you have studied much the life of the great man born a century ago in a little Kentucky log cabin. They are all more or less alike, their chief variation being one of quality, for some are good and some are not. If you are like me, you will most enjoy a carefully drawn pencil portrait of Lincoln as a young man. This was done before he became at all famous and familiar, and is said by those who remember him to be a good likeness.

Some other photographs of the War President and his family and closest friends, with pictures of all their various homes, long in the front room of the Museum, with busts and statuettes, all showing the rugged, gentle, pathetic face we all admire. Over the mantel hangs the United States flag that draped his casket on the eighth of the assassination. In it you can see the rent that was made by the spur of the man who slew him, for his heel caught in the flag as he jumped from box to stage.

Many other things are here, but you will like to see the family Bible, nearly a hundred years old, from which his mother read to little Abraham. If you look on the fly-leaf, you will

"Oh, the pity of it! The pity of it!" men cried as their sad hearts followed the still white face on its last progress through the nation.

Why was Abraham Lincoln's grand life so mournfully closed? The answer, all doubtful then, is clear as daylight now— that it might, with all other glories, receive the crown of usefulness, the honor of proving to the world that a republic, born by the greatest political poll, a civil war, and vice versa, in that, can endure the very elixir of horrors without disintegration. That is the chief lesson of his death, to us and to the nations of the earth.

Boston, Mass.



The Lincoln Museum in Washington, being the house in which the martyred President died.

see his name, written very scrupulously. It looks as if it had been done when he was a very small boy, and was probably written as he learned at his mother's knee while she read to him the sweet Bible stories.

There are many other books that belonged to Lincoln as a boy and as a man; but the most fascinating, I think, is a copy of the life of George Washington, written by that curious old historian, Parson Weems. We will not stop to discuss this old life now, but we shall be attracted to this particular copy of it because it is that from which our great American told the life of the greatest American. There is no saying what influence this shabby little book had upon the future career of Lincoln.

There is, however, a story about this volume that is much more interesting to me than even this short sketch. Lincoln, as you know, was a very poor boy, and he lived in a very humble little home. He had few books of his own, so he borrowed all he could. The book he liked best of this life of Washington from a neighbor, and he probably read it by the light of the kitchen fire, for we know that he studied in that way. When he went to bed, he used to stick this book between the logs of the cabin, away up above the reach of the smaller children. One night it rained, and the rain coming in between the logs damaged the book. Young Lincoln took it directly over to his neighbor, and showed him the injury done. His friend told him he could keep the spoilt volume and repair the loss by working for

two days for him, and this the future president did.

There are many, many other things in this room and that behind it, and the three others still behind, that will interest you more or less. They relate to the home and political life of Mr. Lincoln. I can take space to mention only a few. The third room is that in which the President died. If you have ever seen pictures of him on his deathbed, you may remember that behind the bed he always saw a strikingly prominent wall-paper. You will see that striped and flowered paper on the wall of this room, and here are gathered many things that were used at the time when he was carried here and after he had died.

In the small room behind this, which the custodian of the collection has lined with book-cases and filled with books relating to Lincoln, are what to my mind are two of the most interesting pieces in the whole collection. They are the little home-made desk that Abraham Lincoln used in his office from the time he became a lawyer until he became president of the United States, and the plain wooden chair that accompanied the desk. Just look at this crude desk, and imagine what sort of an inaugural address you would feel inspired to write upon that narrow surface. Yet this is in all probability the very desk upon which this great man's was penned.

When I asked Mr. Oldroyd, the owner

and custodian of the Museum, whether I might photograph those two pieces, he said,

"Why, yes, but nobody ever cares much for those, and no one before has photographed them." So I was more than ever interested, and hastened to set up my camera before them.

In the large room at the back of the house, which the United States Government added to the building as the collec-

tion increased, are a number of articles from Lincoln's home in Springfield, Ill. This was the home he left to come to the White House at Washington.

There is the weather-stained old settle that stood upon his porch, and on which he sat on fine evenings and chatted with his neighbors as they passed.

Two large haircloth sofas of the uncomfortable prickly sort came from the parlor, as did the armchair of the same

material, which doubtless was the seat of the head of the house. One knows that the fanciful what-not made from a walnut bushel held the collection of parlor ornaments, and one wonders whether Mr. Lincoln made it. The dining-room chairs from the Springfield home are the pretty, wide-backed, cane-bottomed, black-painted, flower-decorated kind that still have a cheery hospitable look wherever our sees them. But it almost makes you cry when you look down on the empty walnut cradle, so artistically fashioned, that rocked the Lincoln babies to sleep.

It seems strange, too, to see in a museum the kitchen stove from a presidential home. You know, perhaps, that President Lincoln, when worn and weary with the cares of office, would not eat and could not sleep. When the steward at the White House would send him dainty dishes to his office to try to tempt his appetite, he often left them untouched because he was too busy, too troubled, or too tired to eat them. I believe that often when those skilfully concocted delicacies were set before him, he wished for the tastes of his old Springfield home again; for the plain haircloth furniture; for the crude little desk and hand-woven office chair; for the homely stove, with his wife preparing his favorite dish of fricassee chicken, served with creamy gravy poured over hot biscuit; for his old appetites and his old freedom from care to enjoy them all.

Long Green, Md.



Lincoln's desk and office chair. Photographed for the first time for this article.

How Lincoln Conquered Men. Ruling Himself First.—The Winning of Seward.—Rising above Chase's Hostility.—Stanton's Contempt and How It Was Reversed.

By Rev. John T. Faris.

BECAUSE Abraham Lincoln knew how to rule himself he was able to rule others. By his self-restraint he turned into ardent supporters and even affectionate friends men who had been not only uncompromising opponents, but also, some of them, detractors who did not hesitate to use contemptuous language in talking of him. Many men in his place would have stood on their dignity, and by clamoring for their rights would perhaps have lost them. Lincoln, on the contrary, while never sacrificing true dignity, was willing to let the mere form of rights go, while by tact and courtesy he secured to himself the greatest consideration and devotion.

It should always be remembered to Lincoln's honor that he deliberately invited to places of influence near him men who he knew were opposed to him. He fore saw the conflicts that came. A weaker man would have trembled at the prospect, and would have chosen other helpers. But because Lincoln felt that the best interests of the country demanded the presence at Washington of these men above all others he sought all thought of self, and constructed about himself a labyrinth of difficulty.

One of the greatest conquests of his life was the turning of William Henry Seward, from a bitter rival to an admiring friend. For a long time nothing seemed more unlikely than this transformation. In 1860 Seward looked upon himself as the leader of the Republican party, and felt sure of the nomination for the presidency. He felt that the nomination of Lincoln was unjust to himself.

Lincoln's ability to put himself in the place of the defeated man enabled him to appraise Seward's feelings. To a friend he insisted that Seward was a better man than he for the place. So much did he think of Seward's qualities that he proposed to ask him to become his Secretary of State. The lie was given to whispers that the proffer was merely a formal compliment by this sentence in Lincoln's letter: "I now offer you the place in the hope that you will accept it."

From the day of Seward's acceptance of the cabinet portfolio it was evident that no injustice had been done the secretary in foreclosing his attitude to the President. He seemed to feel that it was his mission to save the country from the mistakes of a weakness. No one understood this better than Lincoln, but for the sake of the country he patiently bore all the slighting put on him. He knew the thought of Seward, as expressed to his wife, "I will try to save freedom and my country." And because he knew how much good there was in the man he was ready to hide his talents.

When Lincoln submitted to Seward the draft of his inaugural address, Seward suggested many changes, at the same time insisting that he knew better how to deal with the problems then confronting the country than his chief-to-be. With admirable reverence Lincoln accepted many of the suggestions.

Soon the public, taking Seward at his own estimate, began to look upon him as a sort of prime minister, even going so far as to call him by that name. Lincoln overlooked many bits of interference, not defending himself to his friends, though he did say to Mrs. Lincoln, apropos of the report that Seward was in reality the chief, that the President: "I may not rule, myself, but certainly Seward shall not. The only rule I have is my conscience—following God in it, and these men will have to learn that yet."

Seward misunderstood the President's deference. Within a few weeks of the inauguration he prepared a surprising paper, which he called "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration," which showed a lack of confidence in his chief that would have made many a man in Lincoln's place feel justified in looking for his resignation. But Lincoln did nothing of the sort. He refused to be insulted, but spoke so firmly that Seward saw who was master.

The greatness of Lincoln is again seen in his failure to tell any one of the remarkable suggestions. "Mr. Lincoln put the 'Thoughts' away among his personal papers, where they remained till his private secretaries, years after both statesmen had passed from the scene, published them

to an astonished world," says Alonzo Rothschild in his book, "Lincoln, Master of Men." Seward "realized how entirely Lincoln disdained to take advantage of a weapon which in the grasp of most politicians would, under the circumstances, have been used to destroy the maker." Now to his wife Seward wrote: "Executive skill and vigor are rare qualities. The President has the best of us."

That was the beginning of Lincoln's great triumph over the man that had looked upon himself as the superior. That the triumph became more complete as the years passed was seen from Seward's comment on Lincoln's election for a second term:

"The election has placed our President beyond the pale of human envy or human harm, as he is above the pale of human ambition. Henceforth all men will come to see him as we have seen him—a truly loyal, patient, patriotic, and benevolent man. Having no longer any motives to malign or injure him, derision will cease, and Lincoln will take his place with Washington and Franklin and Jefferson and Adams and Jackson—among the benefactors of the country and of the human race."

The cause of the hostility of Salmon P. Chase, another member of the cabinet, was not merely that he had been defeated by Lincoln, but that he hoped to defeat the President in 1864. He used his official position to belittle the President and to advance his own interests. Unwise friends gave the same policy by sending through him letters to leaders declaring that the interests of the nation demanded a change in its chief magistrate. When Chase wrote to Lincoln disclaiming knowledge of the circulars, and expressing his willingness to withdraw from the cabinet if this was thought wise, Lincoln responded, with the same admirable self-posse that enabled him to separate thought of self from thoughts of his country.

"Whether you remain at the head of the Treasury Department is a question which I will not allow myself to consider from any standpoint other than that of my judgment of the public service, and in that view I do not perceive any occasion

for a change."

Lincoln's opinion of the ambitious Secretary of the Treasury was *thus*. He said, "Off all the great men I have ever known, Chase is equal to about one and a half of the best of them." Reminded that the man of whom he thought so highly was seeking to undermine him, he said: "I have determined to shut my eyes, as far as possible, to everything of the sort. Mr. Chase is a good secretary, and I shall keep him where he is. If he becomes president, all right. I hope we may never have a worse man." And then a few months later Lincoln proved his words and showed his magnanimity by nominating Salmon P. Chase for chief justice.

The conquest of Secretary of War Stanton was complete. At first he did not hesitate to speak of "the inclemency of this administration." Poore says that he called the President a "low, cunning clown." McClellan says he called him "the original gorilla." His contempt for the President was unlimited.

That is, until Lincoln conquered him. For conquer him he did. History tells how Stanton and Lincoln again and again measured strength with one another. Tactfully Lincoln dealt with his opponent, conceding points to him times without number, yet insisting on the course laid out when he felt that this was vital.

When an enemy attacked Stanton, demanding that he be asked to resign, Lincoln, according to Carpenter, said, "Go home, my friend, and read attentively the tenth verse of the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs." When Stanton, near the close of the war, offered his resignation, Lincoln (Stanton is authority) put his hands on Stanton's shoulders, and with tears in his eyes said: "Stanton, you cannot go . . . it is my wish and the country's that you remain." Not long after the Secretary of War stood over the silent form of the man he had derided, and said with deep feeling,

"There lies the most perfect ruler of the world has ever seen."

And that was not simply the verdict of Stanton. It is the verdict of history.

Philadelphia, Penn.